

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?

Krs: yes, I think very deeply.

[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]

Let's begin, what, where, why, or when

Will all be explained like instructions to a game

See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational

When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "

This one or that one, the white one or the black one

Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one

Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew

Right up to your face and dis you

Everyone saw me on the last album cover

Holding a pistol something far from a lover

Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t

I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me

This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"

Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me

This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn

I'm not flammable, I don't burn

So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect

'cause that's just what kr collects

See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk

You walk down the street and get jumped

You got to have style, and learn to be original

And everybody's gonna wanna diss you

Like me, we stood up for the south bronx

And every sucka mc had a response

You think we care? I know that they are on the tip

My posse from the bronx is thick

And we're real live, we walk correctly

A lot of suckas would like to forget me

But they can't, cause like a champ

I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second

On the mic, I believe that you should get loose

I haven't come to tell you I have juice

I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level

I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]

I'll play the nine and you play the target

You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Or should I say, "start this," I am an artist  
Of new concepts at their hardest  
Cause, yo, I'm a teacher and scott is a scholar  
It ain't about money cause we all make dollars  
That's why i walk with my head up  
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up  
Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games  
A lot of suckas with colorful names  
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that  
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack  
I'm not white or red or black  
I'm brown.. from the boogie down  
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'  
Others say their bad, but they're buggin  
Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop  
About d-nice, melodie, and scott la rock  
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker  
Mainly what I write is for the average new yorker  
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'  
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin  
But I don't walk this way to portray  
Or reinforce stereotypes of today  
Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon  
Talk broken english and drug sellin'  
See I'm tellin, and teaching real facts  
The way some act in rap is kind of wack  
And it lacks creativity and intelligence  
But they don't care cause the company is sellin' it  
It's my philosophy, on the industry  
Don't bother dissin me, or even wish that we'd  
Softens, dilute, or commercialize all our lyrics  
Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it  
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man  
A vegetarian, no goat or ham  
Or chicken or turkey or hamburger  
'cause to me that's suicide self-murder  
Let us get back to what we call hip hop  
And what it meant to dj scott la rock...

[verse three]

How many mc's must get dissed  
Before somebody says, "don't f\*\*\* with kris!"  
This is just one style, out of many  
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny  
My brother's name is kenny - that's, kenny parker  
My other brother i.c.u. is much darker  
Boogie down productions is made up of teachers  
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker  
Who gets weaker? the king or the teacher

It's not about a salary it's all about reality  
Teachers teach and do the world good  
Kings just rule and most are never understood  
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry  
All inside this room right now would be in misery

No one would get along nor sing a song  
'cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong? !

So yo, what's up, it's me again  
Scott la rock, krs, bdp again

Many people had the nerve to think we would end the trend  
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten

Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records  
No more than four minutes and some seconds

The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'  
They buy the album, take it home, and start sweatin'

Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital  
To take krs-one's title

To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity  
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?

Or rather mention us, me or scott la rock  
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped

I don't play around nor do I f\*\*\* around  
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around

When some clown jumps up to get beat down  
Broken down to his very last compound

See how it sounds? a little irrational  
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical!

Fresh for '88, you suckas...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ya Slippin♦"

(yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? boogie down productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you Know what I'm sayin? (word) yo! what's goin' on? mr. magic-you know what Happened? he slipped on us-he die. pumpin kiss fm, we rock. to my man dj Red alert- we chillin' (word). yo man! yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-wearin' the, ah, jerry curls, man.word up! he was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. he had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin  
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin  
This is the warning, known as the caution:  
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften  
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress  
You can't match this style or attack this  
While I'm telling you, write on schedule  
    Fuck with k-r-s and I'll bury you  
    Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel  
    No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle  
    Total domination on stage  
    Kris is the name, 22 is the age  
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are  
    You got a little girl, you drive a little car  
You come into the place with that look on your face  
    Before you ran the mile, you lost the race  
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room  
    I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom  
    I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete  
    I'll slide you to a funky beat  
    So what do we have here?  
        A sucka in fear  
        I snatched your heart  
        Put it way up on the chart  
            At ten you're fucked  
            At nine you suck  
            At eight you're a sucker  
            At seven-a mothafucka  
            At six you're slapped  
            At five you're just wacked  
            At four you're lost  
            At three, you're just soft  
            At two you're an ass  
            At one, you're a dick

But before you slip, I'll whip  
'cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on.a long time, ya see me slip on, crop d,  
And I'll slip on, everybody-i slip on.sayin? I'll come back if I miss you,  
Sayin? )

I understand that music calms the savage beast  
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece  
First a bass, a snare  
A little cut over there  
I add my name k-r-s  
And the shit becomes fresh  
I ask moe and icu for their thoughts  
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tought  
One again, the tactics of original arts  
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start  
We're known as boogie down productions, ain't no b-boy stance  
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance  
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost  
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? you've come to the source  
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal  
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule  
One after another, another to the next  
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex  
Check your larynx  
It may get lower havin' sex  
Or may get higher  
When bustin' as a liar  
These are the things I teach so be tought  
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?  
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list  
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed  
I'm bringin' back that ol' new york rap  
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap  
It's funny  
Just dissin' you I can make money  
But noone's tippin'  
My message is simple: ya' slippin!

(they slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top  
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? to my brother krs-1, you're large, i'm  
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large.they're slippin')

E-n-o, s-r-k  
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say  
Goddam! they all seem to sound alike  
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light  
Showing, glowing, on the top growing

The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing  
Just like a river, or better yet a stream  
I'm proud to be down with the winning team  
So don't ever in your life even think about an arguement  
'cause you'll get walked on like carpet  
We'll pick you up, and dust you off  
Stamp bdp on you're head and you're off  
But you won't even change that to say instead  
I'm down 'cause I got a bdp on my head  
So just before you inherit that ass kicking  
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'  
  
(yo! they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, i  
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'  
Man.b-boy records, magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what i'm  
Saying? this other kid-i don't know what his name is, but you know what time  
It is. (word up!) he's slippin' too (everybody).slippin', and everytime  
He do somethin', he's slippin'. slippin'.)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Stop The Violence"

Worldwide bdp are the freshest!  
Worldwide! worldwide! worldwide!

One two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you want to go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in hip-hop, y-o

Time and time again, as I pick up the pen  
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words  
I glance at the paper to know what's going on  
Someone's doing wrong, the story goes on  
Mary lue's had a baby someone else decapitated  
The drama of the world shouldn't keep us so frustrated  
I look, but it doesn't coincide with my books  
Social studies when I speak upon political crooks  
It's just the presidents, and all the money they spent  
All the things they invent and how the house is so immaculate  
They paid missiles, my family's eating gristle  
Then they get upset when the press blows the whistle  
Of course the main profiles are kept low  
You temper with some jobs, now the press is controlled  
Not only newspapers, but every single station  
You only get to hear the president is on vacation  
But ehrm, stay calm, there's no need for alarm  
You say "go back" to your mom, and you're off to vietnam  
You shoot to kill, come back and you're a veteran  
But how many veterans are out there pedaling?  
There's no telling, 'cause they continue selling  
As quiet as it's kept, I won't go into depth  
You can talk about nigeria, people used to laugh at ya.  
Now I take a look, I say "usa for africa?!"

Huh.

What's the solution, to stop all this confusion?  
Rewrite the constitution, change the drug which you're using  
Rewrite the constitution or the emancipation proclamation  
We fight inflation, yet the president's still on vacation

Bdp posse!  
I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

This might sound a little strange to you  
Well here's the reason I came to you  
We gotta put our heads together, and stop the violence  
Cause real bad boys move in silence  
When you're in a club, you come to chill out  
Not watch someones blood just spill out  
That's what these other people want to see  
Another race fight endlessly  
You know we're being watched, you know we're being seen  
Some wish to destroy this scene called hip-hop  
But I won't drop  
Not I or scott larock  
Now here is the message that we bring today:  
Hip-hop will surely decay  
If we as a people don't stand up and say:  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"  
"stop the violence!"

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Bdp and me  
We step into the party top celebrity  
Say when we're coming to dance, we never have to pay a fee  
Cause that's where we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t  
I have this one wife, her name is miss melody  
I know I'm from the bronx, she from the brooklyn posse  
I tell ya look a little like this, then I tell you some that i  
Sometimes I got my gear on, sometimes I wear a hat  
Sometimes I'm in a mercedes and sometimes I'm in a plain  
Sometimes I find myself upon the number two train  
Some people look at me and see negativity  
Some people look at me and see positivity  
But when I see myself I see creativity  
So if I can create, well then I make some money  
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid  
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid  
One two three, the crew is called bdp  
And if you wanna go to the tip top  
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Illegal Business"

{\*30 seconds in: dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

[krs-one]

One afternoon around eleven o'clock  
It was freezin cold, he was standing on the block  
Sellin cheeba, nick's and dimes  
Sayin a rhyme just to pass the time  
The cops passed by, but he stayed calm  
Cause the leather trench coat was keepin him warm  
But this time they walked by real slowly  
He thought to himself, "they look like they know me"  
They drove away, but he didn't stay  
He jumped in the cab and he paid his tab  
But guess who he saw when he hit the block  
It was the same cop car, the same two cops  
They jumped out quick, they pulled a gun  
They said, "don't try to fight and don't try to run  
Cooperate and we will be your friend  
Non-cooperation will be your end"  
He jumped in the car, and while they rode  
They ran down the list of things he owed  
They said, "you owe us some money, you owe us some product  
Cause you could be right in the river tied up"  
He thought for a second and he said, "what is this?  
You want me to pay you to stay in business?"  
They said, "that's right, or you go to prison  
Cause nobody out there is really gonna listen  
To a hood," so he said, "good!  
I'll pay you off for the whole neighborhood"  
Because

Cocaine business controls america  
Ganja business controls america  
Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

[krs-one]

A guy named jack, is sellin crack  
The community, doesn't want him back  
    He sells at work, he sells in schools  
    He's not stupid, the cops are the fools  
    Cause everyone else seems to go to jail  
But when it comes to jack, the cops just fail  
    They can't arrest him, they cannot stop him  
        Cause even in jail the bail unlocks him  
    So here is the deal, and here is the facts  
If you ever wonder why they can't stop crack  
    The police department, is like a crew  
        It does whatever they want to do  
        In society you have illegal and legal  
        We need both, to make things equal  
        So legal is tobacco, illegal is speed  
            Legal is aspirin, illegal is weed  
Crack is illegal, cause they cannot stop ya  
But cocaine is legal if it's owned by a doctor  
    Everything you do in private is illegal  
Everything's legal if the government can see you  
Don't get me wrong, america is great place to live  
    But listen to the knowledge I give

Cocaine business controls america  
    Ganja business controls america  
    Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
        Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Illegal business controls america  
    Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
{\*dj scratches "what what what what, what what what what,  
    What can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine business controls america  
    Ganja business controls america  
    Krs-one come to start some hysteria  
        Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Yeah, illegal business controls america  
{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}  
    Yeah, krs-one come to start some hysteria

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Yeah, bdp takin over america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Ganja business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Cocaine, sensai

Aspirin, coffee

Morphine, sugar

Tobacco, got to go

{\*dj scratches "what what what what, what can we get.."}\*

Illegal business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what, what can we get.."}\*

Yeahhhhh, ganja business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what what what what,

What can we get for 63 cents? "\*}

Yeahhhhh, cocaine business controls america

{\*dj scratches "what what what what.."}\*

Illegal business controls america

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Nervous"

[krs-one]  
\_by all means necessary\_  
Written, produced, directed, by blastmaster krs-one  
Mixed, by dj doc  
And now.. it's time.. to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
Bdp is in full and total effect  
I'm gonna shout out a couple of names  
We're gonna do it like this  
Dj doc.. manager moe.. ms. melody.. i.c.u., mcboo  
{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
D-nice.. scott larock.. krs-one, I think that's me  
And you know what? I'm down with bdp  
{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
So right about this time  
You should throw your hands up in the air  
How many people got nike's on?  
If you got your nike's on, put your feet up in the air  
If you don't got nike's on  
I think you need to keep your feet down  
Cause the party is live {nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
And we're in total stereo, yaknowhati'msayin?  
  
So all the suckers out there that wanna test  
It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
And at this point, we gettin a little stupid  
I'd like to say, dj doc is in the back chillin out  
On the 48-track board without a doubt  
Break it down doc, like this!{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
I'd like to give a shout out to who? big daddy kane  
Heavy d, and eric b.  
Melody, d-square{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
So just throw your hands in the air  
Just throw your hands in the air  
Krs-one is here without a care  
And I don't have no fears homeboy  
So all the suckers out there that wanna test bdp  
It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
Now, here's what we do on the 48-track board  
We look around for the best possible break  
And once we find it, we just break..  
.. or, we just break{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
There's two ways to do this, you see what I'm sayin?  
If you feel the board, you feel around

We got tracks one to track 48  
We find track seven, and break it down!  
    {nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
Okay.. this album has been funded  
    By the blastmaster krs-one fund  
        Ha ha ha ha ha hah!  
    You know what? we're gettin {nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
Okay, we gon' play a little game, break it down doc  
    Like this, or like this  
        {nerrrrrrr-vous!}

You know what? I used to be a graffiti artist  
    I used to write krs-one all over the place  
        All up in soundview, in brooklyn  
Then when the cops come for you, ha ha hah  
    You just get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}  
        And another thing:  
Me and my crew, we made hit records all over the place  
    But we left b-boy records  
And you know what happened after that point?  
    Ha hah, they just got{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "I ♡ m Still #1"

### Verse 1

D.J. Doc you know he's down with us  
D-Square, he's down with us  
Keyboard Money Mike, is down with us  
I.C.U., you know he's down with us  
D-Nice and McBoo, they're down with us  
Ms. Melodie, she's down with us  
Just-Ice and DMX, they're down with us  
My manager Moe, he's down with us  
Castle-D boy, he's down with us  
D.J. Red Alert, he's down with us  
Robocop boy, he's down with us  
Makin' funky music is a must  
I'm number one.

People still takin' rappin' for a joke  
A passing hope or a phase with a rope  
Sometimes I choke and try to believe  
when I get challenged by a million MCs  
I try to tell them, "We're all in this together!"  
My album was raw because no-one would ever  
think like I think and do what I do  
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue

What do you think makes up a KRS?  
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking?  
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble  
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid  
not by financial aid, but a raid of hits  
causing me to take long trips  
I'm the original teacher of this type of style  
Rockin' off-beat with a smile  
or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to  
BDP Posse so I love to  
step in the jam and slam  
I'm not Superman, because anybody can  
or should be able to rock off turntables  
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin  
But here's where the problem starts, no heart  
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart  
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the Old School  
cuz Rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the Old School cuz Rap on a whole  
isn't even twenty years old  
Fifty years down the line, you can start this  
cuz we'll be the Old School artists  
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme  
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild  
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun  
cuz even then, I'm still number one.

## Verse 2

Blastmaster KRS-One of course  
comes to express with style the lost  
ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present  
Knock, knock, who is it?  
A brand-new style, hup, time to change  
People talk about me when they see me on stage  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor  
Now tomorrow you can say you saw  
KRS-One stompin' once more  
I play by ear, I love to steer  
the Alfa Romeo from here to there  
I grab the beer, but not in the ride  
cuz I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive  
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local  
My album is sellin' because of my vocals  
You know what you need to learn?  
Old School artists don't always burn  
You're just another rapper who's had his turn  
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned  
about idiots posing as kings  
What are we here to rule?  
I thought we were supposed to sing  
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach  
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak  
KRS-One is something like a total renegade  
except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid  
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'  
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'  
not to escape, but hit the problem head-on  
by bringin' out the truth in a song  
So BDP, short for Boogie Down Productions  
made a little noise cuz the crew was sayin' somethin'  
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster  
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster  
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary  
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary  
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence

why my last jam was so violent  
It's simple: BDP will teach reality  
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like The P Is Free  
So now you know, a poet's job is never done  
But I'm never overworked, cuz I'm still number one.

Kool Moe Dee, he's down with us  
Eric B. and Rakim, they're down with us  
Stetsasonic, they're down with us  
Dana Dane, he's down with us  
Sleeping Bag Records, they're down with us  
My lawyer Jay, he's down with us  
Jive/RCA is down with us  
Makin' funky music is a must  
I'm number one.

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Part Time Sucker"

Hahahahaha...  
(T'cha t'cha, that boy is a t'cha - KRS-One)  
I want you all to understand I'm down with BDP  
I got so many styles, but I'm not an MC  
I am a teacher teaching rap, and of course I am back  
Because these other MC's are here also weak and wack  
So BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them  
BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them  
All about the guy who first is down but then he lies  
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker  
Among thousands and thousands of very good MC's  
A poet will flow like the breeze  
Like the wind, air is all around us  
From what I hear, it's a good thing you found us  
And in a hurry, just in the nick of time  
Cause I do four things: rhyme, produce, teach, and bring to you new styles  
Well here's the first style, right out the pile  
It's called vocabulary. Difficult, isn't it?  
At least it looks that way when you witness it  
Kill (kill?) meaning to deprive of life  
Fiancee: future wife  
Poet (poet): a person who writes poems  
Wandering, meaning to roam  
Everyone sees me when I walk into the public  
Even the suckers, I just love it  
When they get disgusted every time I prove  
(Boogie Down Pro...) Boogie Down Productions will move  
Meaning to motivate, lest rhyme straight  
Hate is a very very big mistake  
It rhymes with frustrate and aggravate  
Let me just demonstrate why I won't abbreviate  
Television, a view of scenes transmitted  
Every single second you get it  
Pepsi (what?) the choice of a new generation  
Fired from work: termination  
Quality: something special about an object or person  
Can you rock a party without rehearsing?  
I can, anytime, on the spot rhyme  
Many recording artists can't do it, but I'm  
More than just a recording artist kicking dust (who?)  
I'm a sandstorm, taking human form  
K plus R S equals one  
I don't burn anymore, I just cook 'till you're done

And when you're done, then I serve  
Like alphabet soup, (letters) letters, (words) words  
Sentences, chunks of meat into a paragraph  
Get the meaning then ask the question 'bout the guy  
Who first is down but then he lies  
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker  
Kewe-kewe-K, Arewa-arewa-R, Ewe-ewe-S, my rhymes are fresh  
Please step back, let me progress  
Meaning to advance, you only get a glance  
Of me at a time, sayin' some rhyme  
Or sayin' some rekkid, that should respect it, select it  
I'm never ever wack or reject it  
Challenge BDP it get's dissed, expect it  
I travel the nation by mostly plane  
I travel New York by either cab or the train  
Some say that I'm insane, they say  
Why would you want to ride the train  
(But I) but I don't care, as long as I get there  
I never used to pay my fare, but now I think I got to  
Because from a jail cell I can't rock you  
That's being incarcerated, meaning locked up  
(A tool) a tool for holding water is a cup or pail,  
The opposite for fresh is stale  
(The largest) the largest sea-mammal is a whale  
Beer is called ale, or sometimes it is called brew  
(A group a) a group of human beings is a crew  
You know what I'm gonna do? Explain Criminal Minded  
Cause much too many people still are blinded  
Let me rewind it, and elaborate on blinded, meaning can't see through me  
He he he he, these people make me laugh  
The way they like to change up the past  
So when you're there in class, learning 'his story'  
Learn a little of your story, the real story  
It doesn't pay to know the life and times of someone else  
It doesn't benefit your wealth or your mental health  
I go for self, but the real self is one with all  
This self who's by himself does fall  
Down, just like the guy who first was down, but then he lies  
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker  
All right, now, hear we go...

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jimmy"

Intro

The J, the I, the M, the M  
The Y, the J, the I, the M  
It's Jimmy!  
It's Jimmy! x2

Verse 1

Here is a message to the Super-Hoes  
Just keep in mind when Jimmy grows  
It grows and grows and grows, so let it  
But keep in mind about the epidemic  
When Jimmy releases, boy it pleases  
But what do you do about all these diseases?  
Jimmy is Jimmy, no matter what  
So take care of Jimmy cos you know what's up  
Cos now in winter AIDS attacks  
So run out and get your Jimmy Hats  
It costs so little for a pack of three  
They're Jimmy Hats for the winter attack  
Good for a present, great for lovers  
Demonstrated by The Jungle Brothers  
Protect your Jimmy and keep it fresh  
They're Jimmy Hats by KRS

Chorus

So, remember you're never too old (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)  
  
Remember you're never too bold (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)  
Do me a favour, wear your hat  
So Jimmy...will have the opportunity to come back

Verse 2

Well, Red Alert is down with BDP  
Teachin' you all about Jimbrowski  
I don't wanna hear that you're not with it  
Turn around and see your butt in a clinic  
Havin' doctors just poke at Jimmy  
Let me express what now what's in me  
Too many people take too many risks

Too many people I see get dissed  
Jimmy Hats are now in style  
Cos you can't trust a big butt and a smile  
Some are dry and some lubricated  
Many companies make and made it  
So all you Super-Hoes, wear your hat  
Cos drippin' Jimmies is straight up wack  
Keep in mind about Jimbrowski  
Jimmy Hats by BDP

The J, the I, the M  
The M, the Y, the J, the I...  
It's Jimmy!  
It's Jimmy!  
The J, the I, the M, the M  
The Y, the J, the I, the M  
It's Jimmy!

Repeat chorus

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T~~♦~~cha - T~~♦~~cha"

[krs-one]

Easssssssssy mahn!

It's impossible to take out boogie down productions  
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]

Me bus' upon the scene around 1986  
A few hit records got me started real quick  
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker  
All vegetarian, never eat pork or  
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin  
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin  
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital  
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical  
On every playlist, waxin that anus  
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal  
Point every time you subtract an emcee  
People look at me, a p-o-e-t  
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.  
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic  
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?  
Well, my evaluation is sudden  
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible  
You could try your best  
But frankly I don't think it's logical  
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris  
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid  
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, biddi-by-by  
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed  
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid  
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade  
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade  
So everything you're hearing, krs has made  
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say  
So dj krs has come to show dem the way  
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"  
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrr  
Well then you know that krs don't carrre  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrrr, biddi-by-by  
And then you know that krs don't carrre  
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear  
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear  
Big derriere to make the next man stare  
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair  
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer  
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan  
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!  
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and  
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin  
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin  
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this  
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss  
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown  
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home  
No one out can compete  
And not another dj rocks this type of beat  
Come mi say

### Chorus

[krs-one]

Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah  
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow  
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe  
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow  
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go  
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-z  
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

### Chorus



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Necessary"

When some get together and think of rap, they tend to think of violence  
But when they are challenged on some rock group, the result is always silence

Even before the rock and roll era, violence played a big part in music  
It's all according to your meaning of violence and how or in which way you use  
It

No, it's not violent to show in movies the destruction of the human body

But yes, of course it's violent to protect yourself at a party  
And, oh no, it's not violent when under the christmas tree is a look-alike gun

But, yes, of course it's violent to have an album like KRS-One

By all means necessary, it's time to end the hypocrisy  
What I call violence, I can't do , but your kind of violence is stopping me

By all means necessary, the rap audience must grow up  
The same type of fightin' we do, they do except we've got nothing to blow up  
It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's only how good you play the game  
This is the oldest sneak attack, because it takes away our senses to gain

If all I do is play the game then I am just mediocre  
We strive to be the best we can be, not to just get over  
Some people say that life on a whole is serious and nothing is funny  
That's only if you base your life around competition and money  
Yeah, I'm making some money, he's making some money, but none of these things  
Are necessities

What I find to be a necessity is controlling a positive destiny  
With this, money, fame, glory and credit will come in time  
The people down with me know this every minute they hear me sayin rhymes  
I got some friends, I got some allies like Stet, and Big Daddy Kane

They know that by all means necessary that peace is the name of this game  
Whether peace by war, or peace by peace, the reality of peace is scary  
But we must get there, one way or another, By all means necessary.

Necessary from the Lp 'By All Means Necessary' by BDP, lyrics by KRS-1